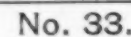


Experienced landlord—"Yes, sir, but we generally keep the bull-dog chained at the bottom of it."



society do hereby appeal to all qualified

color. The blossom end of the apples, about one fourth of the surface of the fruit is not covered with russet, as explained with it. This is a striking difference between the two kinds. Another distinction is that the Englishtown tapers slightly in its form towards the eye. We do not think that the true Englishtown Russet is much grown in the State. Any one who has it, by noting the peculiarities referred to, will be able readily and surely identify it.

New Hampshire is the great breeding center of the densely populated port of New England. Here are the cowboys suited to feeding, growing, utilizing, and selling, as business dictates, just about every kind of cow. Other localities are known for what is being done here, but the farm stockmen know where the money is and are not doing their work blindly. Nor do they need that other kind of dictate a policy for them. At the present time there is no class

By taking full advantage of facilities which now exist, and making a few improvements entirely feasible, it is possible to reduce the cost of transporting goods from Great Britain in twelve to fifteen days from the time it leaves the wharves at Bremer in this country. Just how much deterioration in quality is inevitably incident to this time saving, and how much of the cost of the journey and ocean voyage, remains to be demonstrated. Exporters are generally of the opinion that there must be some loss of quality resulting, but no one has attempted to say how much. The writer is inclined to agree, and thinks the deterioration really unavoidable in very slight, and they intend, by this season's experiments, to determine this question.

Field Day is a certainty at Orono, and slight changes in the future will

is a perfectly safe conclusion, I think, that if never a saw or knife came near apple and many other trees, they would be better off than by the bad cutting that generally prevails.—*Ellis*

At the regular meeting of the Chicago Veterinary Society, which was held at Sherman House in that city, May 13, the following proposals and resolutions were passed: Whereas, the Governor having appointed a ne graduate to the position of State Veterinarian for the State of Illinois, be it resolved, that it is the sense of this meeting that the Assistant State Veterinarians among our members should tender their resignations as such; and further, that none of our members should apply for or accept of similar positions under the present incumbent. And be it further resolved, that we as a

We have a war of extermination on them, and have succeeded in cleaning my trees, as I did last year, but this year I have had to be on my toes all the time after year to preserve his crops, while his neighbors beside him have been able to rest on their laurels, and pests as large as crows' nests, and millions of worms, to turn into moths, and when my trees are loaded with eggs, and I have to go out and pick them, to make dog laws, fish laws, game laws and all kinds of laws for city portmen, tax laws, and laws for round, and pity, and for the fraternal order, the election time, and there it ends as far as the interests of farmers go. Now, Mr. President, I have a question to ask, to make every man destroy the pests on his own land, then we can fight with some show of success. The prospect is bright before us generally; only the best peat orchards had a fair blossom.

Denmark, June 14th

THE OUTLOOK

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Maine Farmer.

FAIRS TO OCCUR.

Androscoggin Agricultural Society—At Livermore Falls, August 26th and 29th.
Buxton and Hollis Agricultural Society—At Buxton, August 31st and Sept. 1st and 2d.
Cumberland Farmers' Club—At West Cumberland, Sept. 28th and 29th.
Cumberland County Agricultural Society—At Narragansett Park, Gorham, Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th.
Durham Agricultural Society—At Durham, Sept. 21st and 22d.
Eastern Maine State Agricultural Society—At Maplewood Park, Bangor, August 30th, 31st, and Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.
East Somerset Agricultural Society—At Hartland, Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th.
East Edgemoor Farmers' Club—At East Edgemoor, Sept. 14th, 15th and 16th.
Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Farmington, Sept. 14th, 15th and 16th.
Gray Park Association—At Gray, August 24th, 25th and 26th.
Hancock County Fair Association—At Ellsworth, the week following the Eastern State Fair.
Hancock County Agricultural Society—At Mountain Park, Binehill, Sept. 21st, 22d and 23d.
Kennebec County Agricultural Society—At Roadfield, Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th.
Lincoln County Agricultural Society—At Danville, Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th.
Maine State Agricultural Society—At Lewiston, Aug. 30th and 31st, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.
Northern Cumberland Agricultural Society—At Harrison, Sept. 21st and 22d.
North Waldo Agricultural Society—At Unity, Sept. 21st and 22d.
Oostego Valley Union Agricultural Association—At Cornish, August 24th, 25th and 26th.
South Kennebec Agricultural Society—At South Windsor, Sept. 21st, 22d and 23d.
Sagadahoc County Agricultural Society—At Topsham, Oct. 12th, 13th and 14th.
Waldo and Penobscot Agricultural Society—At Waldo, Sept. 14th, 15th and 16th.
Waldo County Agricultural Society—At Belfast, Sept. 21st and 22d.
Washington County Agricultural Society—At Bangor, Sept. 14th, 15th and 16th.
York County Agricultural Society—At Saco, Sept. 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th.
[Full officers of these societies assist in making our list complete.]

For the Maine Farmer.
JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

D. A. Hoffes, farmer and merchant, East Waldo, has a 400 pound cow, apparently only an ordinary, nice looking grade Jersey, two years ago, when he bought her. The first year he owned her she made something more than 300 lbs. of butter, and last year she made 400 lbs., besides furnishing a small family with milk and cream.

A. J. Heath, Bremen, is among the good farmers in town, always has a pair or two of good oxen on hand and for sale. As by an advertisement in the Farmer, he has very nice fowls, Light Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Langshans. His stock in the different breeds is from the best flocks in New England; pure bred and nice individuals. His best Light Brahma roosters weigh thirteen to fifteen pounds. His Plymouth Rock and Langshan stock is from Burpee's yards.

F. P. Weeks, Jefferson, always has a pair or two of oxen and steers. At present he has a pair of grade Durhams that since he bought them, the last of March, have gained three inches each in the line. For years Mr. Weeks has kept a bull, generally pure bred or high grade Durham, and has had good patronage. He now has one from the herd of Henry Clary, that at one year old girls five and a half feet, a well built animal. He formerly made quite a business of "breaking colts," and was very successful in the business, having the patience and perseverance to control and conquer them without harsh treatment. He now has two good horses, one by Victor Patchen, eight years old, standing 10 hands, all kind and right, for sale.

A. Bessie, well up among the good farmers of Jefferson, has had the Maine Farmer nearly or quite half a century, and still appreciates it as highly as ever. He has a dairy herd of ten or twelve fine looking cows, headed by a fine looking pure bred Jersey, out of a cow with a record of 14 lbs. of butter a week from the herd of Willis A. Luce, Union. His herd was formerly pure bred and high grade Durham, and he still has one cow of that grade, a very nice one, measuring something more than 6½ feet. His "Island horse" is very nearly perfect in that line. His brood mare, weighing about 1000 lbs., is a good one, with a remarkable fine looking colt by her side that stood 41 inches at birth, sired by Merrill, 2-10-4, the well known Nelson pacer. Mr. Bessie's son, C. W., has a very fine looking driving horse bred in Skowhegan, sired by the "Hinds Knox," a great roader, good style and good action.

When at North Waldo, a pleasant call was made upon E. G. Baker, who for years has been among Lincoln county's most prominent farmers and business men. He runs the post office store and a lumber mill, and formerly manufactured match cards for a match factory. His home farm, the Baker homestead, is well kept in every respect, and out from eighty to ninety tons of hay. He also has several out farms, on one of which he has this season has twelve acres under the plow, being dressed with manure from the village. He uses superphosphate quite largely, last year about five tons. Hay is the specialty of Mr. Baker's farming, fifty tons or more being sold each year, besides what is fed to his large stock. Two pairs of nice oxen are usually kept on the farm, on hand and for sale. Mr. Baker is also a horseman, and has bred and sold lots of good ones. He now has about a dozen on hand. His working team, a very fine pair of bays, weighing 2800 lbs., were bought in Canada a year or two since. The family horse and brood mare, Homespun, by Chandler's Knox, is a good one, all safe and kind for a woman to drive, good for a 2.35 clip, with record of 2.35. She is bay with black points, weighing 1100 lbs., strongly built at any point, considered by Mr. Baker, who is a good judge, to be worth more than \$400 in the present depressed condition of the horse market. The 3-year-old filly from Homespun, by Merrill 2-10-4, is a remarkably promising one, will probably weigh 1100 lbs., when matured, with good prospects. Mr. Baker also has a standard bred Gideon mare, and one from a Knox mare; all good ones. His Watchmaker driving horse, out of a mare that trotted easily to wagon in 2.55, is another good one.

John A. Hanley, Bristol, is still an ox man, always having one or more pairs of good ones. His working oxen, 7 ft., 7 in., in the line, not a link's difference in girth, weighing 3000 lbs., only 25 lbs. difference in weight, nicely matched and good workers, are probably the best pair in Lincoln county, and among the best in the State. His calves, Durham grade and color, girthing 4 ft., 5 in., at three months old, good limbs, square as bricks, and very growthy, promise to make another pair that Mr. Hanley may well be proud of.

Mr. J. C. Wilson, Bristol, is another ox man, raising more or less from year to year, late years Durham and Holstein grade. The oxen of the farm this year are only 3 years old, handy as oxen, about 6½ feet. He also has a pair of yearlings very nearly five feet, a good pair.

G. W. Oliver, Nobleboro, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Lincoln County Agricultural Society, is still an enthusiastic farmer as ever. He has twenty head of cattle, including a pair of oxen and ten pure bred Jerseys, the herd headed by a bull from Gardner's "Mt. Batten Farm" herd. He is among the largest and very best farmers in finding a market for it at Damariscotta, and New Castle villages, having furnished the hotel for a long time of years. The horse team consists of a pair weighing something more than 2300 lbs., one, an Island mare, in foal to Merrill 2-10-4, and one from an Island mare sired by Watchmaker, a remarkably handsome, up-headed filly, with good style and action, good for the farm or the road. Perhaps such breeding is not generally recommended by horse men, but in this case it certainly proved favorable.

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Ira W. Chapman, Nobleboro, among the many successful farmers in town, has a small herd of very nice cows, Durham and Swiss grade. A very nice shaped veal calf from this herd, recently handled by the village meat man, Merrill, at Damariscotta village, dressed 175 lbs.

Capt. E. H. Goudy, Bristol, without doubt has the best stud of horses in Lincoln county. A few years since he bought the pure bred Cleveland Bay stallion Rubens, and a pair of high grade mares. From these mares he has a pair, Patrick and Bridget, by Rubens, three and four years old, nicely matched in color, style and action. His brood mare Baby Woodlawn, by Woodlawn, weighs nearly 1200 lbs., is very handsome bay, good style, with trotting action that would probably have put her in the 2.35 class had she been trained. The stallion Nigar, from Baby Woodlawn, by Warner, is a remarkably fine looking horse, good style and action. The gelding Ginger, same breeding, is a very fine family horse, good in any place. The five-year-old filly Taffo, out of Highland Girl, now owned in Auburn, is so promising that Capt. G. says he has never seen a horse for which he would give her.

J. P. Merrill, Damariscotta, still has the Nelson pacer Merrill 2-10-4; stands 10 hands, weighs 1150 lbs., and is probably the most popular Nelson stallion in New England. He had his limit last season, with prospect of good patronage the present season. Mr. Merrill still has the dam of Merrill all in good condition, and a very fine looking filly by Merrill, dam Capt. E. H. Goudy's Baby Woodlawn, also a colt two years old and one four years old by Nelson. The colts of Merrill's get are proving to be very nice, good size, good style, and good action. Besides those mentioned above in these jottings, are those of Capt. E. Tukey and Geo. A. Chapman of Damariscotta, and Capt. A. Poole and Cushman Poole of Bristol.

The Youthful Kaiser and Mr. Frith. Although Professor Knackfuss is usually credited with assisting the Kaiser in the production of his surprising pictures, the German monarch owes his earliest introduction to the mysteries of art to an English painter. The first time the Kaiser handled a brush was at Windsor, when Mr. Frith was painting the picture of the Prince of Wales' marriage for the Queen. All the royal personages gave sittings to the artist, and the Kaiser, then little 4-year-old prince, spent several mornings in the room where the picture was being painted. To keep the child quiet, Mr. Frith gave him some paints and brushes and allowed him to dabble on one of the unfinished corners of the canvas.

As the natural result of this very judicious proceeding the prince's face was in a very few minutes covered with streaks of green, blue and vermilion. The sight of his smeared face terrified his governess, who begged the artist to remove the colors, and Mr. Frith, armed with rage and vermillion, had nearly completed his task when the prince's spirit found its way into a scratch upon the child's cheek. The future Kaiser screamed with pain, assaulted the eminent painter with his fists, and hid himself under a large table, where he yelled until he was tired. Mr. Frith, dejected in his "Reminiscences" that the little prince showed a most unforgetting spirit and revenge himself afterward by sitting so badly that the painter failed altogether to produce a satisfactory likeness.—London Chronicle.

Comforting. The Bride—Why, George! Why did you give the minister so much?

The Bridegroom—Policy, you know, Carrie. May never compel him again in the same way some day.—Boston Transcript.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose.

Small Price.

Choice Miscellany.

AN OCTOBER ALLEGRO.

We are yellow autumn leaves, decked with russet and with red,
Prancing in gold and in the proudest of attire,
But the wild October breeze hath lured us from the trees
And hath piped to us to dance to his desire.

Such a tone he now hath blown, full of melody and gloom,
Like the fluting of the orioles in May,
That we yield to the course of his dominating force,
And come drifting down, his mandate to obey.

We refuse to borrow sorrow from the morrow ere it here,
For the music of the day doth make us glad,
And the fate of leaf or flower must befall when the wind doth will to wanton and be glad.

What intoxicating pleasures are the measures of our dance?
When a thousand of us rise as in a cloud,
Or when, as from a sleep, we awake in sudden awe,
And around do reel a swiftly eddying crowd!

How we twirl in merry swirl as aiant the wind we whirl!
To seem to touch his rapturous embrace till he lifts us in his might to the glory of the height,
Where the swallows dip and swing in airy chase.

And as Joye wend Danes in the fabled days of old,
When the gods for love did stoop to visit earth,
So in showers of splendid gold hath the wind his passion told,
While the promise of the springtime's joyous birth.

—W. D. Ellwanger in New York Sun.

THE BOOKS YOU USED TO READ.

What were the books that you used to read? Back in the days of your childhood, when you were the page with its wondrous seed, Seed of the will to do?

Who wrote the words that in printer's ink Stared from the page to make you think? Have you the books that you used to thumb—Wonderful storehouses then, Filled with such treasures as never will come back to you again?

For the eyes which the dear old volumes knew Were as fresh as a flower that is spent with dew. Tell me the books that you used to know Back in the dear old home,
Sheltered by trees that were bending low And by the vines that clomb,
Moulded books Just for you and your favorite book.

What if their leaves be soiled today? What if their colors be faded away? Friends are still friends if the hair be gray Or if the cheeks be worn,
And they will ever seem staunch and true—These, the friends that in youth you knew.

Do you not know what they told you then. Even the page and line? Could you not see how as when You were a child of nine?
And in your eyes would the words not glow Just as they did in the long ago?

Dear were these friends when such were few. Dear are they still, I know. Times that are stately and rich and new Laugh at the long ago,
But into your eyes never come As did the books that you used to thumb. —Gemma C. Hooper in Bookman.

CAPTURING AN EAGLE.

A Young Bird That Was Caught For a Pet in Southern Arizona.

In St. Nicholas, Wolcott Le Clear Beard writes of "Moses, a Tame Eagle," one of his pets while he was engaged in engineering in southern Arizona. Mr. Beard gives the following account of its capture:

I saw on the rounded top of one of the giant cacti of this desert these eagles are thickly studded an eagle the like of which, though familiar with the fowls of that region, I had never before seen, and I may here add that we never did with any certainty discover the species to which he belonged. I rode near to get a better view, but he seemed to close acquaintance, for, after unfolding his wings once or twice in a hesitating sort of manner as I approached, he finally spread them and flew heavily away, a couple of pistol shots from the wagon having only the effect of increasing his speed. The eagles on which he had been resting were very fair and of the largest variety in the world of that interesting plant. Of the thickness of a man's body, it rose straight from the ground, a beautiful fluted column of vivid apple green, to a height of 25 feet, where a cluster of branches nearly as thick as the parent stem grew out from it and turned upward, while the main trunk, without a bend, rose several feet higher.

Between two of these branches and the trunk there was built a nest of good sized sticks, about twice as large as a bushel basket, and on this my eyes happened to be resting when the noise of the shots brought about the eagle's flight. He came down with a rapidity that was almost incredible, and I identified it as a solanum, apparently Solanum carolinense. Of course all fruit acids will curdle milk, but this fruit contains practically no acids, its taste being about the same as that of the fruit of the common potato, a closely related species of solanum.

"I therefore infer that the complete coagulation of the milk in the case referred to was effected by a substance contained in the fruit which acts as rennet does, which action chemists regard as that of a kind of ferment. In eating the curd I could detect no taste of berries or of any kind of acid. It had much the taste of fresh cream, with which I was familiar in my boyhood days on a New England farm."

John Bull Takes a Look at Himself.

England of today is what Carthage was in time old. We are ruled by a hungry, greedy aristocracy, which, in its turn, is ruled by loan mongers and by company managers. Honor and honesty under this regime are derided as old fashioned superstitions. The minister who can steal any territory whose inhabitants are too weak to resist us is acclaimed as a hero. The company promoter who can build a palace by appropriating the savings of his fellow countrymen is worshipped as a divinity. When we now down Africans with maxims, we glory in this proof of our bravery. When, at the bidding of kings and emperors, we shell European struggling to free themselves from the suzerainty of some wretch who claims their allegiance, we glory in our shame.

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made up his mind to them with that philosophy we later learned to be one of his traits, and opening his great mouth to its fullest extent hinted that he was hungry and wanted something to eat.

Two Women in This Case.

There are two brothers in Detroit who now look the other way when they pass by. This is all the more to be noticed because two boys more affectionate toward each other never grew up together. It is not very long since there was a double wedding in which they participated as principals. They did not take the same wedding trip and did not see much of each other till each was settled under his own vine and fig tree.

"Prince," said Charley when they made their first visit as benedictors, "I congratulate you with all my heart. You have a charming little wife."

"That's right, old man. Same to you. I'm in great luck, getting the sweetest, prettiest, smartest woman in the world."

"I'll acknowledge that she's a good second in the race, Prince, a splendid second, but the superlatives you have used belong to my wife. She is a shade or two the best of any other woman on earth."

"All right. You keep right on thinking that way, but in figure, feature, mind and all the graces of her sex I married the nonpareil. I'm not trying to dispel any of your delusions, but facts are facts."

"You make me weary. I know a score of women that will compare very favorably with your wife, and I'll give you the whole human family in which to find one like mine."

Fortunately for me I have the pick of the flock now. Some men have no sense, anyhow, where there is a woman concerned."

Then the argument descended into the calling of names, the saying of much more than was meant and a final agreement that they were eternally done with each other. After awhile the wives will come out of the clouds and make it up.—Detroit Free Press.

Astrology and Horse Racing.

Lord Rosebery's horoscope has been drawn up, or at least so it is said, by the proper term, by the editor of "Zadkiel's Almanac," and not least interesting of the astrologer's statements is his assertion that the computations were made "by permission." As his lordship has not been moved to deny this it may be regarded as true and adds credibility to Augustus C. C. Lord's revelations as to the trend toward supernaturalism which marks the British aristocracy. Most of the so-called horoscope is sheer gibberish, but it contains a few amusing sentences and a few prophecies definite enough to be dangerous to the dominion over Lord Rosebery's mind, and he quotes Claudius Ptolemy, who ever he may be, as declaring that the "influences of this star render men noble, imperious, versatile, powerful in intellect, acute, self-reliant, stern and able in government." Jupiter and Mercury also took a hand in the favored forecast, and the "Zadkiel" mind, it appears, makes a person "fit for much business, fond of learning, public orators, temperate, skillful in counsel, politic, beneficent, able in government." The evil influence was Saturn. This star "marred the public career of Lord Rosebery and brought him many sinister and bitter enemies, even among his own party." That was cruel of Saturn, but better days are coming. "His lordship's fifty-third year," says "Zadkiel," "will bring some good directions into operation, promising advancement and success. He is going to long as his stock later. As soon as the supply was exhausted the deal was ordered back to the post.

"On this information the colonel, on his return a few days later, made an investigation of the adjutant's books and papers and of those officers who had furnished him with all he took away with him, and it was discovered that every man who had anything in charge that the adjutant wanted to complete his expedition could show a proper order for the same duly signed by the district commander and by the acting assistant adjutant general. Everything was done regularly, and of course every subordinate who had received any order from the adjutant had hastened to obey, until all he needed had been turned over to him and the whole had been duly authenticated. Nor was it forgery exactly, for the adjutant was very nearly acting within his powers as far as signing his chief's name was concerned, anyhow.

"Then the colonel and everybody else made an effort to find the adjutant, who had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. Nothing came of it, however, and his army and home friends had given the case up as hopeless when one day a post in Arizona, nearly two years afterward, the lieutenant who had just arrived at the post met an enlisted man somewhere about the place who seemed like some one he knew. He watched the man for a few minutes and then went after him. He at once called the soldier by the name of the adjutant, who had been his classmate at the academy, and the adjutant responded, but could only vaguely explain why he had disappeared and, stranger still, why he had gone back into the army as a private soldier.

Of course the lieutenant at once had an investigation set on foot, which resulted in a private hearing, which further resulted in the squelching of the case on the ground of mental aberration and the return of the demoted man to his home.

"At last accounts, which was two years ago, he was still living, and was in time old. We are ruled by a hungry, greedy aristocracy, which, in its turn, is ruled by loan mongers and by company managers. Honor and honesty under this regime are derided as old fashioned superstitions. The minister who can steal any territory whose inhabitants are too weak to resist us is acclaimed as a hero. The company promoter who can build a palace by appropriating the savings of his fellow countrymen is worshipped as a divinity. When we now down Africans with maxims, we glory in this proof of our bravery. When, at the bidding of kings and emperors, we shell European struggling to free themselves from the suzerainty of some wretch who claims their allegiance, we glory in our shame.

England of today is what Carthage was in time old. We are ruled by a hungry, greedy aristocracy, which, in its turn, is ruled by loan mongers and by company managers. Honor and honesty under this regime are derided as old fashioned superstitions. The minister who can steal any territory whose inhabitants are too weak to resist us is acclaimed as a hero. The company promoter who can build a palace by appropriating the savings of his fellow countrymen is worshipped as a divinity. When we now down Africans with maxims, we glory in this proof of our bravery. When, at the bidding of kings and emperors, we shell European struggling to free themselves from the suzerainty of some wretch who claims their allegiance, we glory in our shame.

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England of today is what Carthage was in time old. We are ruled by

AMERICAN

Cream Separator

All in One.
Easily Cleaned.
No Loose Parts
Whatever.

No. 2, Capacity 350 lbs. per hour.
No. 3, Capacity 600 lbs. per hour.

Full Particulars and Terms
to Agents Upon Application

American Separator
COMPANY.

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y.



Raising a Big Crop
—realizes that the harvest time is ahead.
—the growing of the tallest grain—
—the farming—the farming that pays— must
—for there is a harvest time, and it is
—fully, speedily and economically, in just
—the season's profit or loss.

MICK
—bringing kinds they are built for long wear,
—to satisfy. There are other kinds that
—thing cheaper than the best.

Machine Company, Chicago,
—McKee, Row & Shaver,
—McCormick, Vertical Corn Binder and
—McCormick, Disc Harrow for sale everywhere.

Cheapest
Best

Alleged Buckeyes

of so-called Buckeyes—their makers
of others—they are never sold on their
of any—there's only one maker of
of the highest grade of high grade mowers
to get out of repair—cut more grass,
cut it cheaper, last longer, better
of the Buckeye is sure of his mow
of cut—catalogue free—Richardson
of crocker, Mass.

Look for R. WFG. CO.
WORCESTER
on all knife sections.

97 Bargain
PATRONS.

ace Kid Boots for \$1.97
and Widths from B to EE.

ords are the most complete in

BROTHERS,
St. Augusta, Me.,
CRAWFORD SHOES.

Bug Death

(SAFE TO USE—NO ARSENIC.)
GUARANTEED TO KILL

If used as directed, or MONEY REFUNDED.
Kills Potatoes, Squash, and Cucumber Bugs,
Current and Tomato Worms, Green Fly,
Louse on rose bushes.

A Sure Preventive of Blight
OR POTATO RUST.

MARVELOUS for vegetable and house plants.
Applied dry with Economy Sprayer. No water
to carry. Will not blow or wash off. Last
application during season. Saves labor.

1 lb. pkgs. 15c; 3 lb. pkgs. 35c; 5 lb. pkgs.
50c; 12 1/2 lb. pkgs. \$1.00. Economy Sprayer,
50c. Rubber Atomizers, 75c for garden use.

For Sale by all Local Dealers.
DANFORTH CHEMICAL CO.,
LEOMINSTER, MASS.

Woman's Department.

MISTAKES OF MOTHERS.

Children Feeding a Prolonged Source of Dis-
ease Among Children.

"One of the most singular hallucinations
of the vast majority of mothers is
that they should try to bring up their
children in accordance with certain
theories, even when they find that the
theories do not fit the children," writes
Miss Upon Clark in the June Woman's
Home Companion. "So long as children
keep well, eat well, sleep well, play well
and study well and look well, by all
means continue to manage them as they
have always been managed. If there is
any change among them, then it is time to
contemplate, at least for the one who is
ill, some sort of a change. If the illness
continues, put the change into active
operation for that one, and see if it is not
needed for the others. But look among
your friends, and see if it is not true that
most mothers persist in practicing
methods which have come down from
former generations, even when they have
found that their children fall sick and
die under them. They seem to consider
that it is the children's own fault, not
the fault of the methods, and they have
been known to pursue the cherished
method until every one of their children
has died."

"This one famous mother, who was
named with the fun in 'Evelyn's Babies',
gave her children all the cake and other
delicacies they wanted, just as 'Budge and
Giddy' had them in that classic work.
She would not pause until she had lost
six little ones and the third was seriously
ill."

"Now," reported her husband, grave-
ly, evidently unconscious of the awful
pathos of his words, "we are beginning to
think that we must take more care of
the children's diet. We have always
thought that fussiness about such things
was nonsense, but the doctor said our
children would not have succumbed to
scarlet fever so easily if their constitu-
tions had been stronger and their regu-
lar force greater. On learning our
methods, he said that we had let them
eat too freely of sweets, pickles, pastry
and the like, and we are drawing in a
little on the diet of the two remaining
children."

"Some children, even under the most
judicious treatment, are no doubt born
to die young. Many more perish nomi-
nally from scarlet fever, diphtheria,
measles and meningitis, who are really
the victims of a long course of fresh
heads, confectionery and fried foods.
These daily exhaust the vital forces of
delicate children, until, when disease
attacks them, they can make no ade-
quate resistance, yet their parents fail to
connect the effect with the cause. Inju-
dicious feeding, careless bathing, im-
proper sleep and clothing, damp feet,
and ill-ventilated dwellings kill their tens
of thousands, while the blame is laid
upon a mere name, which simply repre-
sents the culmination of the whole,
though it is only the legitimate end of a
long and fatal undermining process."

NEGRO WOMAN NOTARY.

Key Ellen Brown, the First One Com-
missioned in Kentucky.

Mary Ellen Brown of Georgetown is
the first colored woman in that portion
of Kentucky, and perhaps in the state,
who has been appointed notary public.
She is unmarried, was born in this city
Oct. 28, 1868; is the daughter of
Walter Brown (deceased) and Harriet
Brown (the latter still living); two
colored people always held in high es-
teem by the whites who knew them.



MARY ELLEN BROWN.
from childhood. Mary Ellen was edu-
cated at the colored schools in this
city, graduating at the Georgetown col-
ored city school in 1886, and was elect-
ed that fall one of the teachers in the
school where she had graduated, which
position she held for seven years, but
refused to accept a more lucrative one
at another school in this county. After
leaving the Georgetown school she
taught two years in this county and
one year in Shelby county, this
state. As a pupil she was industrious,
as a teacher painstaking. She re-
ceived her appointment and commission
as notary public and qualified in a few
days thereafter. She has already had
some work from the colored people who
are seeking pensions or increases of
pensions, and expects to get most of
them from her race in that line and from
those who now draw pensions in taking
the necessary proofs to secure each pay-
ment. As her picture indicates, she is a
true type of her race.—Cincinnati Com-
mercial Tribune.

Chicago Woman's Club.
Mrs. Le Grand W. Perce is the new
president of the Chicago Woman's club.
The club is one of the largest women's
clubs in the country, with some 700 or
800 members. It is a department club,
having for its different lines of work,
reform, home, education, art and liter-
ature, philanthropy and philosophy and
science. These departments do much
practical work along their individual
lines. An idea of this may be given in
the work of the department of philan-
thropy, which last year gave relief to
thirty people, the number going into the
thousand. Each individual case re-
ceived the individual attention of the
members of the department. There is a
regular meeting of the entire club every
week and department meetings in addi-
tion. Among the honorary members of
the club are many prominent women—
Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Aberdeen,
Miss Harriet Hosmer, Mrs. Potter Palmer,
and one Chicago woman of whom
the club is very proud, Miss Jane
Addams of Hull House. A very large

WOMEN! DON'T WAIT.

If You Have Any of These Sym-
ptoms Act at Once.

Do you know the reason why you will
go to the hospital, my poor friend?
Because you have allowed yourself to
go from bad to worse. You did not
know that that heat, swelling and ten-
derness in your left side were all signs
of congestion of the ovary.

Any intelligent woman could have
told you that congestion is fatal to the
sterile system, and that an ovary con-
gested leads to tumor formation,
and that you were in awful
danger. Now you will have to
undergo the operation of ovariectomy,
the cutting out of the ovary.

Yes, you will recover, at least I hope
you will, but you will never be quite
the same woman again. Congestion of
the ovaries is fatal to health. If you
have any such symptoms be advised
in time; take a medicine of specific
power! You can find none better than
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound, prepared especially to meet
the needs of women's sexual system.

You can get it at any good druggist's.
Following we publish a letter from a
woman in Milwaukee, which relates
how she was cured of ovarian trouble:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I suffered with
congestion of the ovaries and inflamma-
tion of the womb. I had been troubled
with suppressed and painful menstrua-
tion from a girl. The doctors told me
the ovaries would have to be removed.
I took treatment two years to escape
an operation, but still remained in mis-
erable health in both body and mind, ex-
pecting to part with my reason each
coming month. After using one bottle
of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound and a package of Sanative Wash
I was very much relieved. I continued
to use your remedies until cured. The
last nine months have been passed in
perfect good health. This, I know, I owe
entirely to the Vegetable Compound.
My gratitude is great, indeed, to the
one to whom so many women owe their
health and happiness."—Mrs. F. M.
Kearney, 563 Westworth Ave., Milwa-
ukee, Wis.

proportion of the members of the club
are in favor of woman suffrage.

Dr. Mabel Spencer.

Dr. Mabel Spencer of Riley county,
Kan., is said to be the only legally ap-
pointed woman health officer in the
United States. Her home is in Manhat-
tan, the county seat. She is a graduate
of Kansas City Homeopathic college, and
her official honors rest lightly on her
shapely shoulders. She keeps the
house and runs the office, sees that
doctors and dentists are duly registered,
looks after the inmates of the poor
farm, etc., and makes quarterly reports
to the secretary of state. In Manhattan
Miss Spencer is saluted by her medical
title. It is "Good morning, doctor."

Potpourri of Fruit.

Now is the time to begin your pot-
pourri jar of preserved fruits. Get a
large stone jar, the size you think will
hold all you want. Take as many boxes
of strawberries as you wish, say two or
three, and cover them with alcohol and
add their weight in sugar simply
place the stone lid on the jar, leaving
them to preserve in the unsealed jar.
The next fruit that comes into the mar-
ket place in the jar with enough more
alcohol to cover it, with sugar to taste,
and so, on placing every fruit in the jar
when it is perfectly fresh.

Next winter you will have a very de-
licious preserve to offer occasional guests
to serve at afternoon teas.

Women on the Board.

The confidence that women directors
of an institute board inspire in other
women, particularly in a hospital, was
illustrated at the Woman's hospital in
New York the other day. There was
some discussion about the admission of
a new patient. The question was asked,
"Why was she admitted?" "Because
she insisted upon it," was the answer.
"She said there were women on the
board here, and she was very anxious
to come for that reason."

Shoes and Slippers.

Chiefly remarkable for their extraor-
dinary high heels and the elaborate ma-
terials of which they are made are the
new evening shoes which are to be worn
during 1897. For shape and make up
they far more strongly resemble the
bootleg worn by some fine French
dames of two or three centuries ago than
they do the slippers ordinarily worn to-
day.

One of these dainty models is a car-
riage shoe, and it is far less clumsy than
the article which usually goes by that
name. It is of pale rose pink satin,
plaided off with silver embroidery and
lined with softest ermine. An enormous
white bow or rosette ornaments each in-
step. Even this shoe is made with its
high, slender heel and is so gracefully
shaped that one would never suspect it
to be worn as a covering for another shoe.

Probably the very newest slipper is
one without any trace of a heel, which is
worn at home, as it is in a room where
the relation is not to so treacherous an
affair as a heelless slipper when one is
elsewhere than at home. It is a pretty
pattern, though, and is planned to show
off the good points of a pretty foot re-
markably well. The little rosette on
the toe gives a very chic touch.

Black satin slippers seem wholly out
of date, but one of the most effective
of the new slippers has a front of black
satin, the back, however, being of pale
yellow silk. The front of the shoe repre-
sents a rather unique strapped effect,
there being six black satin straps, each
fastened by an amber buckle.—New
York Letter.

Good Home Hints.

A good rule for hangings is to have
semitransparent stuffs at the windows

to admit light and medium weight por-
tains to admit air.

The very high roof for dining room
use has been relegated to obscurity, and
low, broad ones, with swell fronts, are
now considered very much better form.

Fireplace mantels of unglazed, orna-
mental brick are the very latest for
hall, library or living room, but are par-
ticularly popular for the hall. The large
mantels are fitted with andirons for
burning wood.

A late fancy is to have fancy chairs
in wood or wicker enameled a bright
green. This would be a good scheme to
rejuvenate soiled porch chairs of last
summer and make them look like the
latest style.

Fret work or grille, with pendent
curtains over the doorway, or in an
arch, adds very much to the looks of a
room. Agra, denim or siberian linen
drapes nicely and are very suitable as
hangings for this purpose.

The very latest way to hang curtains
is to have a double rod and have each
half across the other to about six inches
from each side. They are then tied
back about two-thirds of the way up,
much higher than formerly.

A Pincy Struggle.

Miss Clara B. Martin, the first lady
admitted to the bar in Canada, has de-
cided upon making a specialty of the
law as relates to women. It is now six
years since Miss Martin undertook her
difficult struggle to obtain a B. A. de-
gree. Her regulation did not admit of
the enrollment of women. By appeal-
ing to the Ontario parliament a bill
was presented in 1892 to authorize the
admission of women. The bill passed
by one vote. Another year passed before
she was able to induce a law firm to
permit her to study in their office. Af-
ter a time Miss Martin found that the
bill passed by the legislature only al-
lowed women to become solicitors, and
she wished to become a barrister. After
she had again petitioned parliament a
bill was passed by 37 votes, authorizing
women to practice as barristers—the
result of the bill having been presented
seven times during the last six months
of 1896. She attributes her final suc-
cess to having interested Sir Oliver Mowat
and several other influential gentlemen.

Jewelry in Vogue.

Extravagance and richness of all sorts
are to be the motif of dress this year,
according to The St. James Gazette,
and jewelry will be the chief feature.
For necklets the newest thing is to
mix all the stones. Chains of pearls
and diamonds are used at all times and
for all purposes. A French duchess
went to a ball the other night in a bod-
ice which was kept on by diamond
chains across the shoulders. An other
lady at the same ball wore a large dia-
mond necklace and a chain of pearls
and diamonds. Chains of pearls and
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for all purposes.

Women's Music Literature.

The committee on literature of the
woman's department of the Music
Teachers' national association desires to
enclose the names of women who are or
have been at any time actively engaged in
literary work pertaining in any way to
music, with a brief biographical sketch
of each and typical specimens of work.
Send such communications to the chair-
man of the committee on literature,
woman's department of the M. T. N. A.,
540 Greene avenue, Brooklyn.

Miss Eugenia Sellers has had the de-
gree of LL. D. bestowed upon her by
St. Andrews university in recognition
of her translation of "Pliny's Letters
on Art." She gained her reputation as
a lecturer on archaeology and art.

Ribbons are conspicuous and deligh-
tful features of woman's summer ward-
robe. One hardly sees a frock without a
knot or band, streamer or belt of ribbon.
Even tailor made gowns have flat ap-
lications here and there of it.

The Women's Rest Tour association,
with headquarters in Boston and a mem-
berhood of 100, has been organized. It
is a fund, lending money to women
needing holiday trips.

The best way of preserving the fresh-
ness of a delicate blouse of chiffon or
other dainty fabric is to put it away in
blue tissue paper, such as milliners use
for handkerchiefs.

How to Massage the Scalp and Prevent Falling Hair.

Not infrequently the scalp becomes
tight on the head. This prevents circula-
tion, the follicles of the hair become
anemic, and as a result the hair falls
out. The only remedy is to give the
head a course of massage, which is easily
and simply done. Place a hand on
each side of the upper part of the face,
with the thumbs pressed on the head be-
hind the ears and the little fingers just
above where the eyebrow begins. Then
spread out the other fingers over the
head and for ten minutes gently work
the scalp backward and forward. Finally
with the thumb and forefinger pinch
the scalp all over, continuing until the
head begins to tingle. This loosens the
scalp from the bone and starts the cir-
culation. Keep up this treatment night
and morning until the hair ceases to fall.

How to Make Strawberry Gelatin.

Cover half a box of gelatin with half
a cup of cold water and soak until the
gelatin is melted. Mix a quart of
strawberries through a fine sieve, add
a cup of sugar and stir thoroughly
dissolved. Heat the gelatin by standing
in a bowl of boiling water. Then strain
it into the strawberry juice. Mix into it
a pint of whipped cream, put into mold
and stand in a cold place. Turn out
into a pretty dish when ready to serve.

How to Tighten the Bristles in a Tooth- brush.

Every one has been annoyed at some
time with the bristles of the ordinary
toothbrush falling out in the mouth
while one is cleansing the teeth. This
may be remedied if care is taken when
purchasing a new brush. It should be
at once set, brush end down, in a cup
of water and left there for an hour—

more time than that, but as much. Af-
ter this there will be very little bother
from this cause.

A Woman's Watch.

It was at a gathering of feminine
clans the other afternoon, and some-
body, with that delightful irresponsibil-
ity common to such occasions, want-
ed to know the time. "You see, I for-
got and left my watch at home," she
admitted, "and I am not carrying any."
"Why, so did I leave mine," piped up
the president, not to be outdone in in-
formality. "So did I." "So did I,"
chimed in the secretary and the treas-
urer, while the chairman of the execu-
tive committee announced gravely,
"Mine was all ready to put on, but I
came off in such a hurry that I forgot
it after all."

All this while, however, the first vice
president had been tugging away at her
belt in a businesslike way, and she now
produced a small timepiece. "Ladies,"
she began in a virtuous tone, while all
the rest gazed at her with the utmost
respect, "let me give you the time.
You can always depend upon it." But
here she stopped, and after staring at
the timepiece for full two seconds she
began to shake it and rap it in a man-
ner that might have alarmed any one
unfamiliar with women and their ways
of exhibiting the gaudy before her.
"However, being her own sex, she
took it all most seriously. Suddenly
the first vice president put the time-
piece to her ear. "Oh," she cried,
while a sweet smile of satisfaction irra-
diated her face, "there's nothing the
matter after all. I would it this morn-
ing, but forgot to set it, that's all."
—New York Sun.

Corset Covers.

The fancy work of the moment of the
modish young woman is not with wools
and silks, but with delicate lace and
ribbons. On her light work basket is piled
a tempting array of sheer organdies,
bolts of baby ribbon and pieces of one-
half inch wide lace edgings. The organdies
are in various delicate shades, and they are
small, indistinct figures, and they are
pale blue, pink, cream, green or other
soft shades, and they are all around the
ribbons. From these the busy fingers
are fashioning corset covers to be worn
under the sheer shirt waists of organdie
and batiste which will be included in
this same modish young woman's sum-
mer outfit. The little slips are cut in
three pieces, with seams only under the
arms, and the sides are all around the
upper and lower edges and up the front
with a narrow beading, finished with
an equally narrow lace edge. Through
the beading the ribbon runs, and by it
they are drawn into a full and pretty
fit. They are sleeveless, the armholes
edged with the same lace and beading
to tie up the sides and under the arms.
They may be run unbroken and tied around
the garment to draw it into a bolero
effect in front, or it may end at corsage
and belt line separately. They are dainty
and not unnecessary little confections
of summer toilet.—New York Evening
Post.

Summer Cozy Corners.

Summer cozy corners are far more ar-
tistic than winter ones (if one's purse is
only of moderate proportions), and the
best and most useful corners are made
of materials and the quaint furniture to be
bought are enough to tempt the most
economical of women.

One delightful "nook" is sufficiently
inviting to bear description. Bamboo
posts form the foundation, to which is
tensioned a sort of Japanese matting.
The bamboo sides are also enclosed
with matting decorated with quaint ori-
ental novelties. A long seat, covered
with grass linen fabric, is filled with
pillows, and near one end is placed a
beautiful palm. Oriental cotton stuffs
form the festooned draperies, one strip
being of cream white, while the other
is of black and Turkish red. Several
old lanterns give a soft and restful light,
and a tiny table stands near for holding
one's favorite books.

The Deerfield Society.

The statement that a new society is
organized every day by women is not
extravagant. In the historic old town
of Deerfield, Mass., there has been es-
tablished the Deerfield Society of Blue
and White Needlework. This society's
object is twofold. It is not only artistic,
but practical. Its first desire is to pro-
mote village industry, the second to
produce and adapt to modern uses the
relics of the art practiced by our grand-
mothers in colonial and revolutionary
days, and which, after having attained
a high degree of merit both in origi-
nality of design and needlecraft, has
practically fallen into disuse. The ef-
fort of the Deerfield society is to pro-
duce as beautiful needlework as that
wrought by the first colonial dames.
The Deerfield society has chosen for its
coat of arms a spinning wheel, with the
letter D on the hub.

Women as Entertainers.

To the old resources of womankind in
the way of millinery and dressmaking
have been added the possibilities in the
way of assisting people to avoid boring
one another. The advance made in this
direction is shown by the fact that at a
dinner given the other evening at a
club to women all the entertaining was
done by women not of the vaudeville
type. One young woman told humorous
stories in an effective manner, another
gave recitations in dialect, a third
whistled and so on, and in addition the
inevitable speeches at a dinner of this
character were made by women, one
of whom was a lawyer by profes-
sion.—New York World.

Tempting Luncheons For Whist Clubs.

The refreshments for your whist club
supper should be as light and dainty as
possible: Chicken sandwiches, tongue
sandwiches and egg sandwiches and
sandwiches of caviare garnished with
pickled oysters are exceedingly nice. Or
you may have plain rolled bread and
butter served with a salad, tongue in
aspic, a plain chicken, shrimp or lob-
ster salad, followed by ices, cake and
coffee. Or you might have charlotte
russe or orange creams served in orange
baskets or orange ices.—Mrs. S. T.
Rorer in Ladies' Home Journal.

British Modesty.

The Duke of Teck having asked the
Canadian government to allow him and
his chartered company to govern the
Canadian gold regions in the Yukon river
territory, The British Columbia Press
says: "This is the most paralyzing
proposition ever presented to any mod-
ern government—to hand the govern-
ment of Canadians and Americans over
to a chartered company, as if they were
so many hotentots."

Young Folks' Column.

BOMBHELL, AN ARTILLERY DOG.

He Saved Two Little Children from Serious
Danger.

While a gun was being loaded, Bomb-
shell would sit on the parapet and watch
the operation. That finished he would
jump up and look out to sea over the
range, and then scamper down from the
parapet and follow us into the bomb-
proof.

As usual, Bombshell was on hand to
see the test of the new big gun.

He superintended the loading, and
while I was aiming the gun, he looked
over the range as carefully as did the
lookout; and from his air of responsibil-
ity one might have supposed that to him
had been intrusted the duty of seeing
that the range was clear.

But when we started for the bomb-
proof, instead of following us, as was
his custom, Bombshell remained on the
parapet, looking out to sea and sniffing
the air. In a moment he dashed off
through the bushes which covered the
narrow beach between the parapet and
the sea.

Though thinking his actions peculiar,
I was sure that he would not remain in
front of the gun, because he had done so
once, when quite young and inexperi-
enced, and the burning gases of pow-
der—which are always thrown out by
the blast of a gun—had buried them-
selves in his skin, burning him badly.
He had never forgotten this.

Certain that he would take care of
himself, I paid no further attention to
him, but went with the others into the
bomb-proof, and took my place by the
electric key, ready to fire at the com-
mand of the captain.

Just as the command "Fire" was about
to be given, Bombshell reappeared on
the parapet and began to bark furiously
into the very muzzle of the gun.

I called to him, but he would not
come. Annoyed at the delay of the test,
I tried to catch him, but could not do so.
As I approached he retreated, still bark-
ing and apparently urging me to follow
him.

Finally, convinced from the dog's
actions that something was wrong, the
electric wire was disconnected from the
gun, and I followed Bombshell. Wag-
ging his tail for joy at having accom-
plished his object, he led me through
the underbrush to the beach.

There, concealed behind a clump of
bushes, were two little children quietly
digging in the sand and entirely uncon-
scious of the danger in which they had
been.—St. Nicholas.

JOHNNY'S EQUIVOCAL SPEECH.

A Public Utterance Which Left Room for
Doubt As to Where He Was At.

A small orator made his debut in front
of a large audience at a west side club
house in Chicago, the other night, and it
is safe to predict that he will not follow
further in the footsteps of Demosthenes
after his recent experience. His de-
luded, but loving family, who had egged
him on to this sacrifice, were mostly
with him in the dressing room. His age
being 7, they wanted him to be sure that
his hands did not fall over his eyes and
obscure his view of his mother, father,
aunt, uncles and cousin in reserved seats
directly in front.

"Now, Johnny," said the mother, "be
sure you make a nice bow."

"You bet I will," said Johnny, with a
swagger.

"And let your hands hang easily by
your side like this," and his father struck
an attitude.

"Of course," assented Johnny.

"Are you sure you know your piece?"
asked his sister, anxious to have him
succeed.

"Yep," said Johnny, and he recited
the first two lines:

I wish I had a little dog,
To pat him on the head.

"That's right; he'll do splendidly," re-
marked his mother. "You'll go on in a
minute now and we must get into our
seats. Don't you be scared a bit,
Johnny."

"Whoo scared?" asked Johnny, who
began to feel a sinking of the knees,
while his heart seemed to rise until it
was in his mouth, and then somebody
was pushing him forward and he saw
a lot of faces not one of which he had
ever seen before, and it was lighter than
any electric searchlight he had ever
seen.

"Speak up, now," said the manager of
the entertainment.

"Make your bow and say your piece,"
Johnny made his bow and the audi-
ence applauded, but he had a difficulty
in finding his tongue, which seemed lost
in the roof of his mouth. His hands
hung down as his father suggested, mak-
ing him look like a little wooden man,
and when he forgot and stuffed them
into his pockets, the audience again ap-
plauded. The manager took that oppor-
tunity for a stage whisper.

"Speak up, now," and he began with
the first line. [Then Johnny said in a
strange

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1897.

TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three insertions
and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.
MR. C. S. AYER, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Sagadahoc County.
MR. J. W. KATON, our Agent, is now call-
ing upon our subscribers in Hancock County.

The shipment of grain to South Africa
is assuming large proportions, and Ameri-
can farmers are finding there an outlet
for their surplus.

The spruce borer has again made its
appearance in the Maine forests, and it
is thought it has come to stay five years,
as it did once before.

There is good philosophy in the words
of the Hoosier poet:
"It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
'Tis just as cheap and easy to rejoice.
When God sends you the weather and sends
rain,
Why, rain's my choice!"

If you have anything to sell or ex-
change or desire to buy, the best road
to take is through the "Classified ad."
column of the *Maine Farmer*. Try it and
be convinced.

A St. Louis girl baby, born during the
great wind storm last summer, has been
christened "Cyclonia." It is reported that
the happy parents are almost carried
away with her.

The returns made by farmers through-
out the Middle States indicate a very
promising crop, and as continued rainy
weather has not prevailed there the qual-
ity is excellent. Everything points to a
good yield East and West.

According to the method which is now
adopted for reckoning leap years, Decem-
ber, January and February will be the
summer months about 730,000 years
hence. If any of our readers don't be-
lieve this they had better wait and see.

At Berlin the royal scientific medical
commission appointed to investigate the
question whether vaccination against
small pox produced a disposition to tu-
berculous diseases, reported that there is
no proof of such a disposition.

Next October the two great Baptist
Societies, the Home Mission Society and
the Missionary Union will extinguish a
debt of \$436,000. \$402,000 has already
been paid in—Rockefeller leading with
\$250,000. The debt will be paid dollar
for dollar, without any discount.

We have received from the Agricul-
tural Department at Washington an il-
lustrated volume on "American Grasses,"
by F. Lamson Scribner, formerly of Ken-
bec county. Like everything that
comes from Mr. Scribner's hand, the
work is authority upon the topics treated.

A resident of Scarborough writes the
Portland Press that a "great dispute" is
raging in that town as to where the cen-
tury will end, whether on December 31,
1899, or December 31, 1900. The *Press*
truthfully answers that the century will
end when it gets through, and it won't
get through until December 31, 1900.

This is the way a convicted murderer
in Delaware expressed himself upon the
gallows the other day:

"In regard to the newspapers, I'm sorry
people believe all they say. They are the
greatest falsifiers that I ever heard of and
are largely responsible for people think-
ing so ill of me. I'm sure that God, God
though that a day will come when news-
paper men will have to give an account
for the deeds done in the body."

But the fellow was hung immediately.

The third annual meeting of the
Josselyn Botanical Society of Maine is to
be held in Foxcroft Academy, July 6-9.
The meetings will be entirely public, and
an invitation to be present is extended
to everyone who has an interest in bot-
any. The study of botany in the State of
Maine. As the only means, however, of
defraying the expenses of the Society are
the fees paid in by members, it is
hoped that many persons may feel subse-
quent interest to become members. The
railroads will give reduced rates.

D. E. Salmon, chief of the bureau of
animal industry of the United States de-
partment of agriculture, sends a com-
munication on the tuberculosis test to the
Portland Press of health, in reply to a
letter, in which he says that experiments
in this country and abroad show that
cows are not injured in the slightest
degree by the injection of tuberculin, as
long as the material has been carefully
and properly made. So far as the effect
of tuberculin on healthy animals is
concerned, there is not the slightest
ground for fearing any bad results, if the
tuberculin used is reliable.

Cable advices of this date to George
A. Cochran, Boston, from the principal
markets of Great Britain, give butter
markets as still dull and lifeless. Home
and Irish make continue large, as well as
heavy receipts from the Continent. Stocks
are liberal and pressed for sale, with
very fine goods to be had at \$14.00, which
precludes any good business in
America at the moment. What few cream-
eries arriving are meeting with an
indefinite demand at prices ranging
from 14 to 16¢ in tubs. A few fancy
creameries in boxes have sold at 17¢, but
it is only the small quantity arriving
that enables these prices to be made.

The weather conditions throughout
Europe are favorable for a large make,
and there are no immediate prospects of
higher prices. Cheese markets are all
very dull on old goods. The continued
heavy arrivals from New Zealand make
holders anxious and they are pressing
their stocks at irregular prices. New has
been somewhat steadier this week, with
the best selling at 9¢@10¢, but the ten-
dency of the market is downward.

TUBERCULOSIS.

The arbitrary action of the Portland
Board of Health in regard to milk, that
none should be sold in the city save
from tested cows, has naturally stirred
up a hornet's nest among the farmers
and meetings are being held to discuss
the situation. Believing firmly in the
law as it now stands, and the necessity
for a commission, also accepting all that
can rightfully be claimed for tuberculin
as a diagnostic agent, there is still de-
manded a word of defence for the man
who keeps the cows and produces the
milk. The farmers are as honest as any
class of men, and as anxious to build up
a permanent business upon merit, but
they object to being forced to a step
about which there is still a degree of
uncertainty. If tuberculin exists in a
herd, it, like any other disease, is to be
driven out, but no wonder men who
have no knowledge or evidence of its
presence, object to accepting the
arbitrary test of an imperfect diag-
nostic agent, even though it be the most
valuable and reliable known, without
positive assurance that the test is to be
made by the most competent authorities.

In this connection we quote from the
report of the joint committee of the
Massachusetts Legislature and its experts:
"The most exhaustive was that sub-
mitted by Dr. Billings. He admitted
that the tuberculin test was a valuable
agent in determining the extent of tuber-
culosis in our cattle, but emphasized the
statement that it was not a guarantee
that the animal was free from disease.
"I wish to impress on you that in cattle
it is not the aptitude, but the manner
in which the disease is manifested, that
is the dangerous factor in tuberculous cattle,
and by which the disease is spread in
stables. This fact is again vastly more
important than the milk or flesh, if the
dangers of tuberculin are as claimed,
by many. On the contrary, cowards
and dairymen are no more susceptible
to tuberculous than other people. The
American Indian is remarkably suscep-
tible to tuberculous upon domestication,
and he is not a milk consumer. Again,
do not forget that not one case of tuber-
culosis in man can be attributed to that
of cattle with which he comes in contact,
which can only be termed scientific.
The State cannot afford to make such
absolute and mandatory laws on such
evidence and such a verdict, and yet
it is what has been done. While not
absolute as a test, as shown, still tuber-
culin is a valuable test, most especially
to the breeder of fancy stock, and even
the farmer should not neglect it, if there
is any possibility of raising a cow for
or selling them to be raised. All re-
acting animals should certainly be ex-
cluded from breeding. For all other purposes
it is not a consideration of tuberculin either
a sufficient or a necessary test, when
common sense is applied to the
use of such animals as milk producers
or for flesh consumption."

The committee in making its report to
the legislature was largely guided by
the report of Dr. Billings. We make an
extract:
"It seems to us that the testing of
herds with tuberculin, as has been done
in the past, and the slaughter of reacting
animals, does not offer an absolute
guarantee to the farmer or owner that
the remainder of his cattle are free from
tuberculous, or that the earliest oppor-
tunity to be infected with a comparatively short
time, even though he replaces the con-
demned animals by those which are
tested and alleged to be healthy."
We also wish to call attention to the
necessity of thorough inspection and dis-
infection of buildings in which con-
demned animals have been kept, and
the necessity of the earliest opportunity
under the order or supervision of
the Board of Cattle Commissioners or
their agents, and before new animals are
placed therein.

It is along the line of barn inspection
and fumigation that criticism must fall
in Maine. Personal supervision has not
been given to cleaning the tie-ups from
which reacting animals have been taken.
The Board of Cattle Commissioners or
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Accepting for tuberculin all that can
in justice be claimed, the disinfecting of
barns and tie-ups is as necessary as the
testing of cows or destruction of those
diseased. The removal of the sick is but
the first step towards providing the pub-
lic with a healthy product. The *Farmer*
has rested its claim upon a physical ex-
amination, and not the arbitrary use of
any agent, unless the presence of disease,
is manifest by such examination. Time
will vindicate this position. We must
not ignore the value of tuberculin,
neither can absolute authority be claimed
for it. The extreme, on either hand, is
to be shunned and the middle ground of
conservative, progressive action sought
diligently. The fumigation of Cumber-
land county will have acted wisely in orga-
nizing for self protection, if, at the same
time, they extend their investigations
over possible disease and sanitary condi-
tions about barns, yards and milk rooms,
as well as legal restrictions of local
boards of health. Healthy stock is nec-
essary for a profitable and permanent
business, but this is possible only in
healthy surroundings, and no man can
tell how much the latter has to do in
securing the former.

The Lubin Scheme.
This proposition to pay bounties to
farmers has failed of a passage in the
United States Senate, and it ought to
have failed, for it is a ludicrous and
most impracticable scheme. It provides
for an export bounty on agricultural
products. If it had been a fair thing it
could not be afforded, in the present
condition of the revenues. Its cost as
estimated by Senator Cannon, the mover
of the amendment, would be in the nei-
ghborhood of \$40,000,000 a year, and that
is probably an under-estimate. Not only
is it extravagant, but it is scientifically
unsound. At the invitation of Mr.
Lubin, the originator of the idea of the
eminent economists sat in judgment
upon it some time ago, and condemned it.
Members of the Grange and their
friends will do well to remember the ex-
cursion to Lake Maranocook, Saturday
the 10th, where extra inducements are
offered by the railroad and attractions
arranged for by the local committee. It
should be a gala day with the patrons.

At the request of a subscriber, we re-
produce from our files the following
death notice.

In this city, Jan. 4, 1892, at the residence of
his daughter, Mrs. Chas. Field, Mrs. Ann
Hyde, widow of Rev. Thos. S. Tyler, formerly
of Chelsea, aged 80 years.

Syracuse University, N. Y., on Thurs-
day conferred the honorary degree of
LL. D. upon the Rev. William Dewitt
Hyde, President of Bowdoin College,
Brunswick.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT THE TENNESSEE EXPOSITION.

President McKinley's party arrived at
the Union station, Nashville, Tenn., at
7:30 o'clock, Friday morning, and was
met by Major J. W. Thomas, president
of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition,
and the members of the exposition ex-
ecutive committee. After cordial greet-
ings had been extended to the visitors,
they were taken in carriages to the Max-
well house.

Leaving the hotel at 11 o'clock the
party arrived at the exposition grounds
in the quarters of an hour later. A de-
tachment of ex-Confederate veterans
acted as a guard of honor.

While the procession was on its way
the President was met by a detachment
of the Centennial Guards, the Centennial
chimes being rung for the first time.

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THE GREAT LIST OF THE YEAR!

The Maine State Fair at the Front—Entries
to Cattle Shows and State Races.

The popularity of the Maine State
Fair was never more fully manifested
than in the following magnificent list of
entries to the cattle shows and state races
to be paced and trotted Aug. 30, 31, Sept.
1, 2 and 3, over the State Fair track at
Lewiston.

In spite of hard times and reduced in-
terest in breeding, and while a very large
percent. of the proposed stakes have
either become declared off, or made up
out of a padded list, the State Fair holds
public attention, and by square dealing
and immediate payment of purses, secures
the best horses of the eastern country.

Assurances have already been received
that the class races, to be announced
later, will receive increased attention
and be among the great races of the year.
Doubtless the success of these stakes is
largely due to the fact that the society
has set itself strongly against mixed
races and will protect both classes.

Out of the entire list the two-year-old
trotting and pacing and four-year-old
pacing colts are the only ones failing
to fill.

No. 1.—Trotting Colt Stakes, Foals 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 2.—Trotting Foals, 1894.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 3.—Trotting Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 4.—Pacing Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 5.—Pacing Foals, 1894.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 6.—Pacing Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 7.—Pacing Foals, 1894.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 8.—Pacing Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 9.—Pacing Foals, 1894.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 10.—Pacing Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 11.—Pacing Foals, 1894.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 12.—Pacing Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 13.—Pacing Foals, 1894.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 14.—Pacing Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 15.—Pacing Foals, 1894.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 16.—Pacing Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 17.—Pacing Foals, 1894.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 18.—Pacing Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 19.—Pacing Foals, 1894.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 20.—Pacing Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 21.—Pacing Foals, 1894.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 22.—Pacing Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 23.—Pacing Foals, 1894.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 24.—Pacing Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 25.—Pacing Foals, 1894.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 26.—Pacing Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 27.—Pacing Foals, 1894.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 28.—Pacing Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 29.—Pacing Foals, 1894.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 30.—Pacing Foals, 1895.
(Failed to fill.)
No. 31.—Pacing Foals, 1894.
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Journal of Management Studies, 19(1), 67-80.

Poetry.

LITTLE SUNSHINE.

For the Maine Farmer.
BY M. G. JONES, M. D.
She came when the daisies were sweetest,
When nature was smiling and fair,
Like a ray of bright sunshine from Heaven,
To lighten our sorrows and care.
We call her our sunshine, our darling,
The pride of our city and home,
Ah, little would I believe when I saw her,
Our home would be cheerier and lone.
When life and its troubles overwhelm me,
And I shrink from its duties and care,
Her dear little face like a sunbeam
Drives away all my doubts and despair.
When friends and companions deceive me,
When those whom I trusted the most,
In the hour of adversity leave me,
The then thou art dearest to me.
Thou art constant and true in thy loving,
In thy face no deception I see—
The world and its cares are forgotten
In thy love and devotion to me.

THE DAY-PATH.

For the Maine Farmer.
BY MARY E. COVILL.
The green hills smile against the sky,
And the waters still laughing lie,
While the hours speed with flower-shed feet
Over the day-path sunnily sweet.

OUR STORY TELLER.

HE MARRIED MARY.

Although he had, in addition to a local habitation, a name of his own—Peter Dunn to wit—he was always known as "the man that married Mary." By profession he was a plumber of some repute—that is to say, he knew by heart the meanderings of the water pipes of every drain in the village, and he added to this experience knowledge, for he had the sense to carry about with him such white lead as was necessary to the fulfillment of his calling, instead of expecting the same to grow wild in every well ordered household—a false expectation which, it is needless to say, has done much to ruin the plumbing trade. For six days of the week he plumed, but on the seventh (or rather the first) he dressed himself in a little brief authority and a sort of black nightgown, and stood revealed to the eyes of an admiring village as the verger of the parish church. It was impressive to see him conduct to such seats as he deemed meet for them the strangers within his gates, and the way he moved about, with an air of authority, distributed the alms among the recipients for whom they were reserved was a function in itself. On one memorable occasion, when performing this last mentioned rite, he stumbled over a top hat, placed in the aisle by some unwary stranger, and it spinning up the church, and staggered after it in hot pursuit. For one awful moment it seemed that the pillars of church and state were alike trembling, then the worthy verger righted himself, restored the stumbling block to its owner, and concluded the function, to the unfeigned delight of the deacons of the rectory, who longed ever afterward to present a testimonial to the unknown author of the catastrophe. The inhabitants of Cheriton did not wear top hats, and they were not to place such obstacles in the path of the just, so the rectory boys concluded that some alien brow had been, so to speak, the head and front of the offending, and they blessed that brow accordingly, and never forgot the great "kick off at 7 o'clock" as they called it.

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years she was spared to him years of radiant bliss for Peter. As for him, he simply worshipped the ground on which his wife walked. Mary had a younger sister, of whom she was inordinately proud, who was a governess in a gentleman's family. She was, according to Mary, "quite the lady," and would, so Mary thought, consider it a degradation to visit so humble a home as the Dunns', which showed that poor Mrs. Dunn's standards of good breeding were as erroneous as her standards of other things. Therefore, though Mary sometimes went to see the beloved Amy, Amy never was allowed to come to Cheriton or to be brought into contact with that excellent man, her brother-in-law. Probably had she come Amy would have despised Peter as much as Mary did, for not to every one is it given to see the deeper meanings and to hear the hidden music in the common things of life—least of all to such frivolous little souls as those of the sisters Mills.

After Mary had been dead for some years a general feeling spread through Cheriton that the man that married Mary was a miser. He made a very good income, and as there were no children had only himself to support that Mary was gone, and yet he saved and screwed at every point, which brought him into disrepute at Cheriton. The charwoman who cleaned his house looked at him with a scornful eye, and Peter's chest of drawers, and into this the imagination of Cheriton transferred all the savings which Peter so carefully hoarded.

One day the rector's eldest son, Jack, now at Oxford, rushed into his father's study, crying:

"I say, dad, what do you think? The man that married Mary has been robbed of all his savings!"

The rector pushed up his spectacles and gazed benignly at Jack from under them.

"Dear me, dear me, what a sad thing!" he murmured. "How much money has been stolen?"

"Nobody knows, but the tin box out of his bedroom has gone, and the poor man is demented."

"No wonder," said the kind old rector.

The thief evidently climbed through the window while Dunn was out, as the door was locked."

"Did he take anything besides the tin box?" asked the rector.

"No," answered Jack, "for the very good reason that there was nothing else inside the house worth the carriage."

There must be a pretty pot of money in the man's pocket, then, said the rector, while the whole village bursts without the man that married Mary being well paid for mending it, and he is remunerated for his opening duties, too, and yet he hardly has enough to eat, I hear, and there is nothing in his house worth a half crown piece. The savings in that tin box must not be up to a pretty sum."

"Dear me, dear me! It is very sad, Jack, my boy, when the love of money takes hold of a man—very sad indeed."

"Well, the old boy is punished for it now, anyway," said Jack, with the untempered justice of the very young and inexperienced, "and I am glad of it."

"I'm not," sighed the rector. "I suppose you mean to say that I shall never forget your kindness as long as I live."

Jack looked puzzled. "But wasn't there anything else in the box?" he asked.

"No, sir, this is all, and it is all I have on earth that is of any value to me. I have no other letters than the one which while we were courting and 10 roses that she gave me at different times. And to think that they are all safe, and not one missing. I shall never cease to bless you, Master Jack, for what you have done for me this day—never."

"I thought there must have been more in the box, you seemed in such a way about it."

"Bless you, sir, I shouldn't have made all that fuss if it had only been money. But, you see, these letters are all that I have left of my Mary, and I read them over and over again. She was a rare scholar, my Mary was."

"At so pretty, too," said Jack kindly.

Woman's Best Friend
Dirt's Worst Enemy.

Largest package—greatest economy.

THE N. K. FAIRBANKS COMPANY,

Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.



Washing Powder.

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"When it came time for me to go east to college, I suggested that I should go back to the old place in the mountains and see if I could do anything for the girl who had been kind to me. No act of mine ever pleased him more, and when I left him it was with unlimited credit authorized by one of the greatest banking institutions of the west. I did not find the girl, but learned that she had first been employed and then adopted by a widow whose husband had fallen in the war. I left money with a lawyer, telling him to find the girl and have her educated. A year later this money was returned to me with notice that he could do nothing for me. I wrote for further information, but could get no reply."

"Before my benefactor died he told me of the rich gold find he had worked without sharing his secret with any one. You know how it proved a veritable mine of wealth, built up a thriving city and won me the title of a bonanza man. He also told me how a heartless woman had wrecked his life and asked me to never abandon the search for the mountain girl until I knew what had become of her, and whether or not within my power to help her. You have no idea how man and boy, thrown together as we were, could build a romance upon a foundation so slender."

"I think I understand. And you have found no trace?"

"I could follow. After that night when the strikers tried to destroy the machinery at the mine, my thoughts threw me into a fever, and through all the delirium I talked in the dialect of my boyhood with the little maid I had never seen but once. That shows you the hold she had upon me, and I have an idea that she must either be shattered or confirmed before I can be content. Now for your advice. Should I marry before I have seen this girl?"

"Not with my approval, Mr. Trevor. Go to the end of your foolish dream, or it might haunt you and some woman must suffer."

"I had hoped for a different answer from you." And his eyes told the old story.

"But I'm your friend and can give no other. This is our world."

Within a month Trevor received a letter in a yellow, blotted envelope. The scrawl of the old man's hand was very hurried. "I've been here, an over an I've heard you was rich."

Trevor shuddered. His romance had died a cruel death. But gratitude was his strong point. Reluctantly he went. When at length he rode to the front of the old cabin there was a woman, a liney dress, her back to him, while she threw food to the noisy chickens. Just as he reached her side she turned with, "Well, you uns did kin back, hey?"

"Miss Alden," gasped Trevor, as he crushed the mountain daisy against his cheek. And the promise of the husband was made good.—Detroit Free Press.

ASHES OF ROSES.

On that particular morning I was in a decidedly sentimental mood, because the day before I had heard a young and charming woman accompanying herself at the piano and singing the saddest of songs. It was during the last note the butterfly of the song lingered at the heart of the roses.

And the garden in which I was walking was quite of a character to suit this gentle frame of mind. It was not wild or overgrown.

Its flower beds, where blue, red and yellow balsams were ranged with as much precision as the Sevres cups and Saxony statuettes on a white cloth of a provincial housewife; the sand of the paths, where the rake had left markings as distinct, straight and exact as the lines in a bar of music, and its correct and uniform borders, stiff as the frills of a dress that had not been crushed, seemed to suggest the ambition of a very pleasant ideal—an ideal in perfect taste, without violence or exaggeration; narrow, elegant, pretty and quite suited to furnish water color subjects.

A July sun lavished its gold and threw into the garden the infinite tints of a sunset in the sky. A butterfly was fluttering around like two flower petals set free by the wind brushed past my hand, leaving on it a little of its life, white powder.

"White butterfly," said I, for the remembrance of the song led me into such conversation with this delicate winged creature, "white butterfly, do not hasten away, but stay, rather, and settle down on this leaf—a flower would take too much of your attention—and listen to a question which I have always wanted to ask you or one of your kind."

The butterfly poised himself on a leaf. "I am listening," said he. For why should he not have answered, since I had spoken to him?

"Fruitless lover of roses and lilies," I began, "whence comes this delicate powder you scatter from your wings as you fly from flower to flower, can you tell me? I am sure you must have engaged the arts of the toilet to the perfume, for yours are the only wings that scatter whiteness like a puff."

The butterfly said, "This strange. But as he had nothing to do he condescended to enlighten me. I am sure you should know many things that are not in books and not known by learned men if you chatted more frequently with the insects of the woods and fields."

When autumn haired Eve was born at 16, an age at which the women of our time do not linger half long enough—in the mirror Eden, looking toward life and youth, she was plunged at first into an ecstasy of admiration at the sight of so much magnificence, and the smallest pang of envy poisoned her heart. Even before she had gazed into the first she showed me all the reflection she conceived a profound feeling of compassion for all other created things.

The splendid lights in the lion's mane, luminous in the sunshine, could not rival the tawny brightness of Eve's long, flowing locks.

Why should she have been jealous of the swan since her own throat and arms were made of living snow, or why of the great vines in the forest, her own embrace being far more treacherous and more sweet?

The sky, in its deepest, clearest blue, might have hoped to rival her eyes had they not had a softer and more exquisite azure.

In fine, she looked at all things, and

a great wave of pride came over her. "Without doubt," she said, "all is very good, but then what of it all?"

And thereafter her favorite amusement was to sit under a tree and pass all the day kissing the rose tips of her slender fingers.

Till one day she saw a rose. The rose was there before her, as yet scarcely a rose, almost pale in its triumphant grace. It opened and widened, radiant as a star, luminous and living, almost human, like a woman.

A tiger passing that way staggered to gaze on it and wept from tenderness. Then Eve felt something stirred within her. She understood that throughout all eternity she had a rival. Beautiful as she was, the rose was not less graceful. Perfume against perfume, grace against grace, to the end of time their charms would be pitted against one another and there would be an endless and unceasing struggle.

In vain impassioned poets of all ages would try in enthusiastic madrigals to prove to their mistresses the defeat of the sovereign flower. Eve had no illusions of the kind. The rose would always defy her, and to woman's eternal humiliation she would be compared to her splendid and victorious rival.

A sadness, of which you can form no idea, took possession of her, whose supremacy, acknowledged by all other created things, was disputed by a mere flower. She no longer had any pleasure in the limp streamers, whose clear waters mourned her bright image. The swans, whose whiteness had not rivalled hers, still sported on the azure lakes, but Eve no longer watched them.

All night she dreamed bitterly of her rival and tossed uncomforted under the cold indifference of the stars. For hours she would remain seated under the moon without once kissing the slenderest of her rose finger tips.

So great was her despair that at last she resolved to destroy the rose that had dared question her title to incomparable beauty. Alas, she knew only too well that a dead rose did not mean the disappearance of roses altogether. They would bloom again every spring, time, every summer, to the shame of lips less red and of skin less rosy white.

But at least Eve would have avenged the first insult.

First she thought she would tear her enemy to pieces, trample it in the dust among the stones, then fling it to the furious wind as she did. She had once seen a culture seize a lark; so would she have liked to tear the rose.

However, she bethought herself of another torture. She built upon the sand a little pyre of dried grasses, lighted it with a glowworm, and picking the rose tossed it into the fire. A shadow passed through its delicate petals, as with a low, plaintive murmur, it yielded up all its perfume, its charm, its rosy whiteness, its life and incomparable grace to the devouring flame.

Horse Department.

Great expectations centre in the colts by Haley which are being developed this season, and sure race winners are they. Those who look for speed will do well to give attention to the producing power of this noted son of Nelson and Gray Nose.

Some of the best colts seen on the farms about Augusta are those by Mr. F. Beck's Cleveland Bay stallion, Scamp, and Electricity. They are of good size, well put together, and must prove valuable horses for the road and farm. Such stock will be wanted.

We are always glad to know that our advertisers are getting good returns. Mr. J. S. Sanborn writes as follows: "My stallions are having all the work they can do, and breeders and farmers are coming in rapidly with their mares. You will be pleased to know that business is so good at Elmwood Farm. It shows that more colts are to be grown, and the road horse made more abundant."

Breeders of trotting horses must turn over a new leaf. They want something besides blood, something more than good heredity in their stock. They must have size as well as quality. To secure this they must give the best of care to their brood mares, as well as to their colts until grown. No longer pay to raise stunted colts. The day for small horses is past. And breeders will have small horses even from large sires and dams unless the colts are well fed and cared for until three or four years old.

Horsemen are rapidly filling the stalls at the State Fair track, Lewiston, recognizing it superior for working without danger of injury, and certain that fast time will be made when the day of trial comes. The system inaugurated by Supt. Estes when he commenced has brought this track to a degree of perfection not excelled by any in New England, and owners and drivers appreciate the fact. It will be in great shape Aug. 30, 31, Sept. 1, 2, 3, the dates for the great fair of the East.

The best evidence that people generally recognize the great shortage in the horse stock of the country that will soon be manifested, is evidenced by the frequent inquiry for good size, good breed, and every like young stallions from one to three years old, says the *Western Horseman*. That the country in general is largely short on stallions there can be no doubt, and with anything like a general revival of breeding it will be found that in hundreds of localities there will be no stallions to breed to. Shrewd farmers, who have a taste for live stock improvement, plainly recognize the approaching condition, and hence the inquiry for stud colts. Many former breeders, who of late years have dropped their breeding business, sold or castrated their stallions, are also on the lookout for a stud colt that will do "to tie" for future use. It would seem clear that there is any promise in the future for anything—hardly a debatable question now, the breeding of the right kind of horses is to prove most profitable, and hence a clever business stroke is the picking up of the right kind of young breeding stock while prices are yet low.

We talk about the loss in the horse business from one cause or another, but the most mischief comes from want of proper food. This means loss to the horse and greater loss to the farmer. A good percent of the horses seen on the streets of any town show insufficient or unbalanced food supply. Horses that have been ill-fed when young are almost invariably small, long-legged, light carcasses and narrow-chested. Some of them have a great deal of energy, but all are soon exhausted, unfit for protracted exertion. Grown-up horses, when much reduced by deficient nourishment, require more food to put them into working order than would have been for two or three months in the condition they require to possess when going into work. When a horse is starved, he loses strength and flesh, his bowels get full of worms and his skin covered with lice. Very often he takes mange and sometimes he does not moult, or he hails suddenly and entirely off, leaving the skin nearly bald for a long time. The skin of an ill-fed horse is always rigid, sticking to the ribs, and the hair dull, staring, soft, deadlike. If not furnished to death they recover strength and animation with good and sufficient feeding, but starvation always spoils the shape of a growing horse.

A GREAT SHOW.

The magnificent show of colts at Elmwood Farm, Lewiston Junction, will well repay a long journey, and a day's time. An opportunity is here given for study in conformation, action and intelligence not to be found elsewhere in New England. To-day there is not in America such an establishment as may be here seen. Others are following in the same steps, and the number is rapidly multiplying. Mr. H. Sanborn is the pioneer in breeding half-blood French Coach colts. Recognizing the value of Maine bred mares he is increasing their number, the results being entirely satisfactory. If Maine bred mares in his hands produce choice colts when bred to his stallions, what would be the result if the farmers should patronize Gemare, Lothaire or Telemachus? This is to be the breeding establishment of the East for years to come, and those who breed this class of colts will surely have an advantage when market day arrives.

BREEDING.

The breeding season is at its height in Maine, and again would the *Farmer* urge an increase of colts in 1898 as a safe, sound, profitable investment. There is no demand for sending mares away from home to be bred. The State of Maine is well supplied with stallions of marked individuality and prepotent powers. If speed is the one element considered, then breed to that horse which is best able and most likely to transmit a type carrying the speed conformation in the highest degree, and with that the superabundance of nervous energy which will be likely to insure a race horse. If on the other hand

the road horse is wanted, then seek for that establishment where the colts show greatest uniformity and most pleasing action from a road horse standpoint. There is no middle ground to be occupied. The dollars lie at the extremes, and breeding must be to intensify traits and insure qualities most desired. Colts bred in the lines indicated will be wanted before they are four years old, and at a paying profit. The only difference between a positive and negative colt at four years is the difference in service fee. One is a source of profit, the other a certain loss. For this reason it may be urged that owners of mares seek for the most positive virtues, and breed for special purpose.

FITTING HORSES FOR MARKET.

It takes considerable work to make a roadster ready for the market, even if he has been bred right, is shaped right and is properly conditioned, says the *National Stockman*. The education of a horse should be begun when he is a yearling, by breaking him to drive singly to the cart. At two years of age he should be driven regularly to cart, buggy, or be made to do some light work on the farm. He should be harnessed single and double, on either side, and driven about town, around the depot or saw mill where there are new sights to be seen and new noises heard. Get him used to traction engines, brass bands, popping crackers and everything possible that he is likely to come across in the city streets or public highway. When three years old take time to develop his speed some. If you haven't access to a race track, find a nice level stretch of road, and every day, if you can, give him a little exercise on it. Always have good, strong harness on him, so there will be no danger of something breaking if he don't act just right, and probably get away from you and ruin himself. Speed is a great thing in a roadster, and the more of it you develop the more money you will realize for the animal when the buyer comes along. If at the end of the summer you have an animal that can swim close to a three-minute gait, and has good nature and is sound, you can rest assured that he will not go begging in the market. The winter before your animal is four years old you want to give it the best of feed and care, and have good food at it when the time comes to sell. Fat hogs may not sell as well as they used to, but fat horses do, and it's no use to go on the market with anything that isn't fat and feeling good, if you desire to find a ready buyer at a respectable price.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.
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A writer to the *Review* asks the following explicit questions in regard to shoes and shoring, which "Farmers" replies to at length. The queries and answers are also valuable in their suggestions:
"1. In using a bar shoe to prevent the foot from spreading too much, should it be nailed all the way back to the heels?
2. When a bar shoe with pad and oakum is used to spread a contracted foot, should the heels be left free of nails?
3. I have noticed that a foot with low heels and very long toes does not spread as much as a short foot with higher heels. What is the reason?
4. Can it be because the deep wall at the toes acts as a brace against the heels?
5. If it is, is it then right that the heels should be many horses go best with long toes?
6. Is there any danger of the bar shoe causing too much concussion or jar to the leg by preventing the natural expansion of the foot?
7. I saw Flying Jib in 1893 at Sedalia, Mo., in the Salisbury string. He wore bar shoes with square toes, and his feet seemed to be healthy. Did he wear bar shoes in 1892, and which year was he the best horse?
8. What is the advantage of the square toe?
9. Does it compel a horse to break over the center of the toe instead of the side?
10. Does it lessen the danger of the foot tipping sideways as it breaks over?
11. Is breaking over the side of the foot sometimes the cause of a horse's going sideways and bitching?
12. In the Christmas issue of the *Review* there are pictures of the shoes worn by the five great pacers. Frank Angus's shoes show a callus near the heels running the lengthwise of the shoe. What are they for, and do they keep the foot from slipping when it lands, or are they to keep the foot from turning or twisting around while on the ground?
13. If a horse twists his hind feet while on the ground, turning the shoe out, does it cause him to speed-up to the ankle and heel, or is it being turned inwards the line of action in the front feet?
14. Do long hind feet cause them (the hind feet) to reach too far forward and prevent them from coming far enough back?
15. When a horse over-eats and crowds his stomach, keeping his flanks full, does it just shorten his wind, or does it also impede his action?"

"There are many points involved in these questions that will doubtless interest many readers of the *Review*. A number of the questions touch upon points that have never been satisfactorily settled, and an answer would simply be an individual opinion. I will supply the information as far as I can, and will be pleased to publish any communication that will throw more light on any or all of these questions that I am able to. In using a bar shoe it should never be nailed back to the heels, except in case of a disease or brittle foot that would not hold a shoe nailed on in the ordinary way. An ordinary open-heeled shoe must spread more or less, according to its weight, when the horse is wearing it, in violent action; hence a bar shoe that does not give at all would prevent the foot from spreading as much as it would in an open shoe without nailing it at the heels. Most all fast horses land on their heels, and in many cases the open shoe does not afford sufficient protection to that part of the foot. As soon as bruises, corns or other injuries create fear the horse begins to contract. The bar shoe affording more protection, the fear disappears and the foot begins to spread and assume its normal shape. That is the only reason I know of why a bar shoe sometimes spreads a foot. A foot with low heels does not spread as much as one with higher heels, for the same reason that a short pair of scissors will not spread as far as a long pair. I do not think the length of the toe ever has anything to do with the spread of the heels, unless it is so abnormally long that it cripples the horse. As to the long toe acting as a brace against the heels, I do not understand what the inquirer means by that. And I leave it for some one who does. As to question No. 6, in rare cases the bar shoe might cause too much concussion to the leg by preventing the natural expansion of the foot. I know I have seen bar shoes put

on some horses that could not go at all in them, for some reason or another, and this may be the case. Flying Jib did not wear bar shoes in 1892. R. E. Nash shot him with a bar shoe for the first time a week or two before he took his record of 2:04 in 1893. It might be better horse in 1892 than he was in 1893, but it was through other causes than foot trouble.

Amateur's guess on the square toe and the contracted foot. The shoe intended to force the foot to break over straight; it lessens the danger of the foot's tipping sideways, as it breaks over and is used as a remedy for knee and arm hitting, spreading, paddling, and other faults of gait caused by the foot's breaking over at the wrong point. The shoe is not always effective, as there are many causes for the faults mentioned besides breaking over to one side of the centre of the toe, and all horses cannot be made to travel alike. Light heel calks are put on lengthwise of the shoes to help break the concussion of the foot on hard tracks, and prevent slipping or twisting the foot.

If a horse twisted his hind foot and pointed his toe out while the foot was on the ground, it increases the tendency to speed-up, but I doubt it. I never saw a horse twist his hind foot that way. Many double-gaited horses, and some very correct leggers, twist their hind feet as they leave the ground, but all those I have noticed twisted the heel out and the toe in.

Long toes behind do not make a horse place his feet down too far forward; on the contrary, they hold the foot on the ground longer than a short toe would. The effect of over-eating, and a full stomach, depends largely upon the conformation of the individual. It always interferes with a horse's wind, and sometimes interferes with the stable action. I have seen brood mares and fat horses, that had been very thin, give up a pound themselves in the flank with the stable joint when trotting, until the spot pointed would get very sore to the touch."

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3. I have noticed that a foot with low heels and very long toes does not spread as much as a short foot with higher heels. What is the reason?
4. Can it be because the deep wall at the toes acts as a brace against the heels?
5. If it is, is it then right that the heels should be many horses go best with long toes?
6. Is there any danger of the bar shoe causing too much concussion or jar to the leg by preventing the natural expansion of the foot?
7. I saw Flying Jib in 1893 at Sedalia, Mo., in the Salisbury string. He wore bar shoes with square toes, and his feet seemed to be healthy. Did he wear bar shoes in 1892, and which year was he the best horse?
8. What is the advantage of the square toe?
9. Does it compel a horse to break over the center of the toe instead of the side?
10. Does it lessen the danger of the foot tipping sideways as it breaks over?
11. Is breaking over the side of the foot sometimes the cause of a horse's going sideways and bitching?
12. In the Christmas issue of the *Review* there are pictures of the shoes worn by the five great pacers. Frank Angus's shoes show a callus near the heels running the lengthwise of the shoe. What are they for, and do they keep the foot from slipping when it lands, or are they to keep the foot from turning or twisting around while on the ground?
13. If a horse twists his hind feet while on the ground, turning the shoe out, does it cause him to speed-up to the ankle and heel, or is it being turned inwards the line of action in the front feet?
14. Do long hind feet cause them (the hind feet) to reach too far forward and prevent them from coming far enough back?
15. When a horse over-eats and crowds his stomach, keeping his flanks full, does it just shorten his wind, or does it also impede his action?"

"There are many points involved in these questions that will doubtless interest many readers of the *Review*. A number of the questions touch upon points that have never been satisfactorily settled, and an answer would simply be an individual opinion. I will supply the information as far as I can, and will be pleased to publish any communication that will throw more light on any or all of these questions that I am able to. In using a bar shoe it should never be nailed back to the heels, except in case of a disease or brittle foot that would not hold a shoe nailed on in the ordinary way. An ordinary open-heeled shoe must spread more or less, according to its weight, when the horse is wearing it, in violent action; hence a bar shoe that does not give at all would prevent the foot from spreading as much as it would in an open shoe without nailing it at the heels. Most all fast horses land on their heels, and in many cases the open shoe does not afford sufficient protection to that part of the foot. As soon as bruises, corns or other injuries create fear the horse begins to contract. The bar shoe affording more protection, the fear disappears and the foot begins to spread and assume its normal shape. That is the only reason I know of why a bar shoe sometimes spreads a foot. A foot with low heels does not spread as much as one with higher heels, for the same reason that a short pair of scissors will not spread as far as a long pair. I do not think the length of the toe ever has anything to do with the spread of the heels, unless it is so abnormally long that it cripples the horse. As to the long toe acting as a brace against the heels, I do not understand what the inquirer means by that. And I leave it for some one who does. As to question No. 6, in rare cases the bar shoe might cause too much concussion to the leg by preventing the natural expansion of the foot. I know I have seen bar shoes put

on some horses that could not go at all in them, for some reason or another, and this may be the case. Flying Jib did not wear bar shoes in 1892. R. E. Nash shot him with a bar shoe for the first time a week or two before he took his record of 2:04 in 1893. It might be better horse in 1892 than he was in 1893, but it was through other causes than foot trouble.

Amateur's guess on the square toe and the contracted foot. The shoe intended to force the foot to break over straight; it lessens the danger of the foot's tipping sideways, as it breaks over and is used as a remedy for knee and arm hitting, spreading, paddling, and other faults of gait caused by the foot's breaking over at the wrong point. The shoe is not always effective, as there are many causes for the faults mentioned besides breaking over to one side of the centre of the toe, and all horses cannot be made to travel alike. Light heel calks are put on lengthwise of the shoes to help break the concussion of the foot on hard tracks, and prevent slipping or twisting the foot.

If a horse twisted his hind foot and pointed his toe out while the foot was on the ground, it increases the tendency to speed-up, but I doubt it. I never saw a horse twist his hind foot that way. Many double-gaited horses, and some very correct leggers, twist their hind feet as they leave the ground, but all those I have noticed twisted the heel out and the toe in.

Long toes behind do not make a horse place his feet down too far forward; on the contrary, they hold the foot on the ground longer than a short toe would. The effect of over-eating, and a full stomach, depends largely upon the conformation of the individual. It always interferes with a horse's wind, and sometimes interferes with the stable action. I have seen brood mares and fat horses, that had been very thin, give up a pound themselves in the flank with the stable joint when trotting, until the spot pointed would get very sore to the touch."

Poultry Department.

The waste from nearly every table would feed a half dozen hens, and six hens will come very near to supplying a small family with eggs.

The single station of Waldoboro on the Rockland branch of the Maine Central shipped last year, 187,000 dozen of eggs, a falling off from former years. How many stations are there doing more business than this? Send in your reports.

Set the coops containing the broods where the chicks can have the run of the garden. Confining the hens no damage will be done, but rather great benefit. Chicks and plants will thrive better from running and growing together.

The season is late, but this much can be done. Sow grain for hen feed next winter, not to be threshed but stored for their threshing. It will be the best egg food of the season and saving dollars usually spent for the purchase of western grain, the farmers of Maine will have more spending money at home. What is lost in one way may be made up in another. Grow all the grain possible for the hens.

The Leghorns are small not because they cannot be grown to larger size, but for the reason that breeders have increased combs, wattles and ear-lobs to the loss of frame and meat. As egg producers are after product the size of these fancy points may well be reduced and body size increased. More attention must be given to essentials and less to fancy markings, all the while preserving the peculiar type of the breed.

A WHOLE BATCH OF DON'TS.
Don't set a hen that has scaly legs.
Don't try to create a new breed; we now have too many.
Don't feed hard boiled eggs to chicks, save in small quantities, as that will give bowel trouble to the youngsters.
Don't set hens' eggs that are over three weeks of age. The fresher the better.
Don't let the chickens out in the rain and wind storms. Such exposures often mean terrible loss.
Don't waste much time trying to cure feather-eating hens. Decapitation is the best remedy.
Don't fail to give fresh water daily, and during warm weather let them have a new supply twice a day.
Don't set eggs that are too large or those that are too small. Good results hardly ever come from them.
Don't forget that unskilled labor is dangerous to lie about the premises where poultry are. Many cases of disease are traceable to fowls eating lime in the fresh state.
Don't keep the old males one day after the breeding season closes, unless the quality of their chicks warrant the holding over another year, and in that case give them a roomy pen by themselves.
Don't feed the chicks in the morning and then leave until night, and think they will keep on growing.
Don't believe you can get dollars out of the hen pen unless you put in an equivalent of food and labor.
Don't be afraid the business will be overdone, but go in to win dollars out of the growing broods.

The Absentminded Man.
An amusing case of absentmindedness was experienced by a young student at the other evening. The young man is usually of a bright nature, but for some time past his friends have been noticing that he does some peculiar things. Not long ago he was at a reception, and a few minutes before closing time he went to the coat box and secured his hat and coat. Then he walked up stairs to the dancing floor and picked up another coat and walked home with it on his arm. Arriving at his home, he found that he had one coat on and another on his arm. The next day he found the owner of the extra coat, and mutual explanations followed and all was well. But that has been eclipsed by his latest exploits. He had finished his toilet and started for the street. As soon as he made his appearance he was greeted with smiles from everybody who saw him. He walked down the street and could not imagine what made the passerby smile at him. Finally he reached the restaurant where he was to dine, and he found that he had carried the lighted lamp from his room and had walked several blocks along the main street with it in his hand.
Another case is cited concerning the same young man. At the office where he is employed he has occasion to answer many calls at the telephone. One evening he was reading a book in his room when an alarm clock rang in the adjoining room. The absentminded youth got up and commenced to yell "Hello! Hello!" and when the occupant of the other room inquired as to the light of the yelling the young man said in a sheepish manner: "Oh, I thought it was the telephone bell ringing."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Talk It Over.
I have learned some things in the course of a long business life and still have a great many others to learn.
But the chief thing I have learned can be condensed into one nugget of wisdom in three words, Talk it over.
If by business enemies offend them, don't smite him on the cheek. Take him by the luncheon in a friendly manner and talk it over.
Some one tells you that Smith, down the street, has said or done something to your detriment. Perhaps he has, and perhaps he has not. If he has, your best policy is to prevent his repeating his remark or deed in the future. If he has not, you don't want to do him an injustice, even in your own mind.
But on your hat, leave your temper to the gods, go down and make a friendly call. Be neighborly, frank, open. Tell him the truth and ask him for equal frankness. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand the whole matter will be explained and straightened out in five minutes, and you will part as personal friends rather than as personal and business enemies. You will both feel better, you will live side by side in harmony; the earth will be brighter, the sunshine clearer, your own heart lighter and mankind take a more friendly aspect. Don't get mad and rush to your desk and send a scorching letter to a man and a Christian and go yourself.
Talk it over.—Hardware.

Unlucky.
Wife—"My father used to say I was the brightest jewel he possessed.
Husband (growing)—Opal he must have meant, for you've brought me bad luck ever since I've had you.—Fun.

CUT BONE.

One pound of cut green bone for a dozen hens once a day, which should not cost over one cent a pound, will produce more eggs than five times as much grain, because the cut bone is complete in egg-making substances, while the grain is largely deficient in many respects. Some persons affirm that it does not pay to procure a bone cutter for a small flock. That is a mistake. Bone cutters are now cheaper than many ordinary garden tools, and are strong, durable and efficient. The cost of the bone cutter is soon repaid in the increased number of eggs laid. It is almost indispensable to success, no matter how small the flock, for no one should keep a flock unless fully determined to secure the largest profit possible. The great saving of bones and meat and the utilization of materials that could not be appropriated as food for fowls without their use, have given green bone cutters a place on all well regulated poultry farms. They are sold at from five dollars to ten dollars—a price which places them within the reach of all—and they have added to the profits of poultrymen, farmers, butchers and poultry supply houses.—Farm and Fireside.

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Good for Blues.

It goes to the right spot every time—every man's a "good fellow" who chews or lends



TOBACCO



GURNEY



HEATERS AND RADIATORS



Augusta Safe Deposit AND TRUST CO.

